

THE LIGUORIAN

In the Service of

OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

August

1930

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PRAISE!

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THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

VOL. XVIII.

AUGUST 1930

No. 8

His Hour

Just when the shadows are turning bright,
In the first faint blush of the dawn,
When the wings of the morning are kissing the night
In a sky that is golden and lawn.

When the world awakes from its brief repose
To look to its toil once more,
While the dewdrop lingers upon the rose
As it nods by the open door.

This is His Hour in the vaulted fane
At the Altar wide and fair—
The Holy Hour when He comes again
To the loved ones waiting there.

Not in the ceaseless strife of the day,
Nor yet in the gloom of the night;
He comes from His heavenly home away
Between the dark and the light.

Lord of the live-long day He stands
In the pale of the morning gold,
Giving His Graces with lavish hands
To be used as the day grows old.

—*Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.*

Father Tim Casey

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

The tree-lined street before St. Mary's Church lay drowsing in the warm May sunshine. Father Casey threw open the windows of his study, and the soft breeze filled the room with the odor of roses and lilies and growing things.

"Now," he cried enthusiastically, "now for three uninterrupted hours to prepare my lecture for the Holy Name rally. I have been ruminating over it for the past week; I shall have no difficulty in working it out and setting it down in logical order. If I do say so myself, that shouldn't, it is going to be no commonplace lecture."

He seized a half-dozen sheets of large size paper and sat down at the desk, pen in hand. The window beside him looked down upon the fresh cut lawn. He fell to watching a robin hopping over the grass. The busy little fellow, with the red shirt front, stopped short, held his head cocked on one side in a listening attitude for a few seconds, then fell to digging frantically and pulled out a fine fat earthworm.

"I wonder whether it is really true that robins can hear a worm working under the ground.—But, pshaw, what has that to do with my lecture!"

He swung round and gazed at the opposite wall, then out the opposite window, then at the new green leaves on the big elm, then at—ah, yes, sure enough—a pair of sleek brown thrushes flitting among the twigs and peering suspiciously here and there.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed. "They will build in that tree again this year. I must tell Roger to wrap a strand of barbed wire around the trunk so the cat can't climb it.—Oh, this will never do!"

He took hold of the paper savagely, marked, "Page 1," wrote, "My dear Catholic men." That is the way the old pastor used to address the Society when he was a boy at home. How well he could remember one of those talks. It was a warm night in spring. The frogs were going full chorus in the willow pond down at the roadside. The moonbeams through the catalpa leaves were working weird tracery on the grey church wall. The gravestones looked like white silent ghosts. . . . One memory called up another . . . old scenes, old friends . . . Suddenly

he stopped his dreaming and looked at the clock. An hour gone, and not one sentence of the lecture written.

"Ah, what's the use! I'll take a turn around the block to shake off this lazy spell and then get down to serious work."

He was swinging down Laurel Street when a cheery greeting from the Monogue porch halted him in his walk. Mike Monogue was there making a few minor repairs. Rather, he was threatening to: he had brought out saw, hammer and nails and sat down beside them to gaze and dream. His wife was in a wicker chair at the other end of the porch holding her sewing idly in her lap and watching the bees dipping in and out of the flowering vine. Mary Rose was doing the same. Young Emmet took advantage of the flurry caused by the priest's arrival to slide off the porch and quietly slip around the corner. But the mother's quick eye caught him, and she called him back.

"Emmet, did you finish your home work?"

"No'm, not quite."

"Then finish it 'quite' before you stir a step from here."

"Gee, the fellows are waitin' for me. I'll have plenty of time after supper tonight, mother." He tried to say this in a natural, matter-of-fact way but didn't just succeed.

"Young man, you'll do it now. You have been putting it off until after supper so often that your teaching Brother had to send in a complaint about your neglecting your home work. Father Casey, I don't know what's getting wrong with this one," she said.

"What's wrong with the lad is an old complaint, and a hard one to cure at that. 'Tis sheer laziness," said Uncle Dan.

Emmet regarded the old globe trotter in pained surprise. Uncle Dan was wont to be his staunchest defender. Monica eagerly seized the opportunity to pay up old sores.

"And he is too lazy to clean his shoes before he comes in tracking mud over my clean floor, and too lazy to hang up his cap or put away his books, and too lazy to get up in the morning and serve Mass. He was appointed for six o'clock last week but got there once."

Father Casey had that very thought on his mind, though he was too loyal to mention it in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Monogue. The proper time was in a private interview with the young offender.

"His laziness is a shame and a scandal," Uncle Dan said: Monica

smiled. "But it can't hold a candle to the laziness of his sister Monica," he continued; Monica reddened.

"Yeah, she always finds some excuse when Mother wants her to go to the store; and then they chase me after the stuff," Emmet said disgustedly.

"You would think she was half killed when she has to give a hand to the dishes," her mother said.

"She was late for school again this morning," added Mary Rose.

"And this same Mary Rose, your Reverence, was she at the sodality meeting Winsday last, I dunno?"

"No, I understood somebody to report that you were ill," said the priest.

"I—I wasn't feeling so very well that night," she murmured.

"It didn't show on your appetite, begor."

"Uncle Dan, I think you are just horrid," she stormed.

"And that bit of a report she was supposed to hand in at the end of the month as sicity of the sodality?"

"Father, I'll have that ready tomorrow; I need only to copy it out."

"Mother has been at her for a week to write to grandma, and she hasn't done it yet."

"Yes, and I have neglected the sick girl I was supposed to visit. I have not even begun to make up the dress for Monica. I put off the ironing till tomorrow for no reason at all. I spent all day yesterday on a sensational novel. I—I—Now, are you all satisfied?" And she was ready to burst into tears.

The head of the house had an uncomfortable feeling that he would be next. He was not mistaken. Uncle Dan was at him.

"Never you mind trying to hide that hammer and saw, Mike. They've been there forinst us all the while, crying out loud that Mike Monogue was too lazy to begin the job he had set himself to do."

"I have too much respect for the priest to go sawing and pounding in his presence when he drops in for a quiet visit," he snapped.

"And to whom were you showing respect for a whole hour before the priest came?"

Wife and children joined in the laugh at his expense. But Monogue had no thought of letting the matter rest there.

"You can afford to poke fun at me, Uncle Dan. However, I mark well you never dare to tackle Molly. You see, Father Tim, we married

men know how to train a woman till we have her eating out of our hand, while a bachelor like Uncle Dan here, though he can face wild beasts or savage cannibals without a tremor, is timid as a rabbit in the presence of a woman. She needs but give him a hard look, and he wilts."

"Oh, you train us, do you?" retorted Mrs. Monogue. "Strange we are never aware of it."

"That but shows how skilful we are," said Monogue.

"And I am scared of the gentler sex, is it? Faith, 'tis not timid but chivalrous I am. And, by the same token, I woud never dream of telling the lady of the house how lazy she is, that if she were not so indolent herself, she would not have such an indolent husband, that 'twas her neglect to study her children and keep watch over them and guide them and correct them and encourage them and spur them on—'twas her neglect of duty in all this that caused them to grow up so idle and good-for-nothing."

"It seems everybody is lazy but yourself; you are the only smart person in the world." The elder girl said this angrily and bitterly.

"Miss Mary Rose, I'm telling only the plain truth when I say you may all look on your old Uncle Dan as an example—aye, an outstanding example—of—of confounded laziness and its deleterious effects on humanity. I have had jobs that would be the making of any man, but I was too lazy to hold them. I have been employed by concerns that would have been glad to advance me, had I taken the pains to study the business and put my heart into the work, but I was too lazy. I have found myself in growing countries that offered unlimited opportunities to the industrious, but industrious I never was. I could have married a good wife, founded a happy home, become a respectable worth while citizen. If today I am a rolling stone, a jack of all trades and master of none, a useless, homeless, penniless old bachelor, it is all due to laziness."

"Then," said Mary Rose, now considerably, though not entirely, mollified, "you would put it something like this: I am lazy. Thou art lazy. He is lazy. We are lazy. You are lazy. They are lazy."

"Yes," cried Father Casey, "permit me to add: I was lazy. I have been lazy. And furthermore, unless I go home and get to work: I shall be lazy."

That night as he knelt where fitful flashes from the sanctuary lamp strove with the falling shadows, his meditation ran: "Laziness. How

deep this vice has driven its roots into our souls. It has become so much a part of us that we scarce mark it—perhaps never confess it, nor repent us of it and purpose to combat it. And what havoc it works. So much good at hand to be done, if we would but do it. Young and old, rich and poor, priest and layman, we exert a constant influence on the lives of those around us, our own household, with whom we are in closest contact, our intimate friends, our neighbors, our business acquaintance, even the strangers who hurry past us on the street. In how many ways—if we would but pray and think and try—we could make this influence a power for good. How much we could do, even in one short day, to make all those lives a little better, nobler, fuller. And multiply that by all the days in the year, and by all the years in our life span. But we are too indolent to make the effort, and so those golden opportunities are lost.

“And how much suffering surges about us wherever we go,—sorrow and weariness and disappointment and discouragement and doubt and despair, mental torture and physical pain. In our selfish indolence we forget or omit the cheerful word, the kindly smile, the prudent praise, the helping hand that would bring at least a passing moment of comfort to many an aching heart. And how much poverty and want, hunger, cold, privation could be found within a stone’s throw of our warm and snug abode. No matter how scanty our store we could always spare a little for a more needy brother if we were not too lazy to give it and to give along with it the Christian love which adds a hundred fold to the gift.

“And how many wrongs to be righted. How much of error and unfairness, false philosophy, wrong principles, un-Christian ethics in social, industrial, political activities, in books and papers, in the theatre, the radio, the screen. To us has been committed the torch of faith, whose clear, unfailing radiance would light the way out of this heart-breaking maze, were we not so idly indifferent to our sacred trust.

“And our own souls. To form and fashion them after the likeness of Christ is a sacred duty. If we would but apply ourselves to this duty with energy and constancy and perseverance, and use the mighty spiritual aid we have ever at hand, how rapidly we would grow as God, our Maker, wills we should grow. But we are too lazy to form a practical plan, too lazy to carry out a plan when we know one, too lazy to persevere in the effort when we have begun it. And so we drag pain-

fully along in the mire of our habitual faults and follies, and we count it a great thing if we succeed in ridding our soul of even one unlovely trait in the course of a dozen years, if, indeed, we do not render it more deformed by repeated sins.

"Above all, there is the service of God—loving Him who is worthy of all love, honoring Him who deserves boundless honor, conforming our mind to the eternal mind, our will to the divine will. This is the only purpose for which we are here, the only reason why we exist at all. The saints did this, and so can we. They were the only genuinely practical, sensible men and women. They did not waste time and energy in chasing shadows; they did the only thing worth while doing. What they did, we can do. They were made of the same clay as we. All the powerful supernatural help given to them can also be ours for the asking. The only difference between them and us is that we are lazy and they were not. If we could but shake off our sloth, keep God before our mind, seek only and always His holy will, perform all, even our lowliest, actions with the sole intention of pleasing Him, our whole life would become one long hymn of love and praise, of thanksgiving and glory to God in the highest,—a hymn not hushed in death, but swelling to celestial harmony in the *sanctus, sanctus, sanctus* of eternity."

A ROYAL GIFT FOR YOUR CHILD

When we stop to think of it, what a wealth of material lies in the hands of those who conduct the bed-time story hour. What a power for good rests with those persons, even if only a few Mary's and John's throughout the country are made to know and love the better things in the world of children's books.

In a recent issue of the International Book Review, Hildegarde Hawthorne says something that fits in well with this subject:

"Among all the gifts you can make a child, there is none more conducive to his present and future happiness and content, none more content, none more likely to add richness to his life, than—hold on—not a book! Not a book, but the habit of reading."

God loves souls shaken by storms, provided they receive all from His hands and valiantly strive to remain faithful in the midst of combats.

Custodians of Peace

CLARENCE F. BURKHARDT

The bedlam that materialism has turned America into in its mad chase after luxuries of every description, the horrible mental strain of trying to keep up with the Joneses, and the feverish pace that so many must follow in order to provide the means for scores of things they do not need, and would be better off without, has become a subject of ever widening interest and discussion.

Beginning with a small group of magazines, it has now spread to the daily newspapers, and no longer is the person regarded as a bad citizen when he intimates that the type of civilization we are developing here is really a vindication of the ancient warning that "the desire of money is the root of all evil." On the contrary, it is the man who tries to whitewash the country's defects thereby hindering their correction, who is its worst enemy through his misguided, or rather counterfeit patriotism. Waving the flag is one thing, and has its place, but honest criticism is another, and is just as necessary.

In the campaign against all that is cheap and tawdry in American life, it would be fitting to turn back to a consideration of the mediaeval love of true inward peace and tranquility, so ably reflected in the countless monasteries of that poorly understood period.

"Five great enemies of peace," says Petrarch, "inhabit with us: avarice, ambition, envy, anger, and pride; if these were banished, we should infallibly enjoy perpetual peace." Another mediaeval writer, Thomas à Kempis tells us that "Thou wilt enjoy tranquillity if thy heart condemn thee not." Wise men of all times and of all schools of thought have consistently followed lives of comparative retirement as well as recommended it to others. A biographical study of the world's greatest geniuses will also reveal the same leanings. For the countless numbers whose views run counter to the above, it might be well to ponder over the words of Klopstock who says, "Solitude holds a cup sparkling with bliss in her right hand, a raging dagger in her left. To the blest, she offers her goblet, but stretches toward the wretched the ruthless steel." This is a strong assertion that need not of course be taken literally, but when it was penned, the German writer must have

had in mind conditions similar to those that constitute the matter of so much of the acrimonious criticism levelled at America today.

It is believed in some quarters that the mode of life practiced by so many monks and hermits in the Middle Ages and prescribed by them in modified form for all classes of people has lost its efficaciousness due to the fact that the conditions that brought it about have ceased to exist. This is a fallacy, for no sooner did the evils characteristic of that barbarous age disappear, than they were replaced by a host of new ones. The spiritual ills to which all flesh is heir became so much the more manifest as the physical turbulence of the times abated.

Contentment is worth the abandonment of myriads of desires, and whoever makes such a change has struck a shrewd bargain, for it is the source of constant joy. Even the more intelligent pagans realized this. "Contentment is natural wealth; luxury artificial poverty" is the way Socrates puts it. "Few things are needed to make a wise man happy; nothing can make a fool content" observes La Rochefoucauld, "and real happiness is the reward of him who strives for truth and wisdom instead of material things."

Now, as retirement from the world and its distractions seems necessary for the growth and development of the mind, the monastic discipline from its very nature seems admirably adapted to the realization of this ideal. Though the wits may be sharpened through constant intercourse with men, "God to man doth speak in solitude." This is also noted by Goethe who wrote that "one can be instructed in society; one is inspired only in solitude." One of the first tests Pythagoras applied to his followers was that of silence which he regarded as of greater importance than the ability of discourse.

"He who must needs have company must needs sometimes have bad company. Be able to be alone; lose not the advantage of solitude and the society of thyself; nor be only content, but delight to be alone and single with Omnipotency. He who is thus prepared, the day is not uneasy, nor the night black unto him. Darkness may bound his eyes, not his imagination." So felt Sir Thomas Browne. DeQuincy observed that "solitude, though it may be silent as night, is like light, the mightiest of agencies; for solitude is essential to man. All men come into this world alone; all leave it alone" for "solitude should teach us how to die" agrees Byron.

The benefits reaped by society through the example of self-abnega-

tion practiced by the monks are incalculable. The historian, Caesar of Heisterbach cites the case of Lord Peter, abbot of Clairvaux. "He had but one eye; he was a holy man in deed as well as in name, an imitator of the apostle. With him and his brethren, a certain knight contended concerning some property. The day was fixed for their meeting in order to either compose their differences or go before the judge. The knight came with his friends, and the abbot with only one monk on foot like himself, simple and holy. The abbot being a lover of peace and poverty, and a despiser of transitory goods, spoke thus to the knight before all: 'You are a Christian man. If you say that these goods about which there is this contention are yours, and ought to be yours, I am content with your testimony.' The knight caring more for the goods than the truth, answered, 'They are indeed mine.' 'Then let them be yours' replied the abbot, 'I will not claim them more,' and returned to Clairvaux."

Saints Basil, John, Chrysostom and Augustine constantly dwelt upon the contributions of the monasteries to the peace of the human race. St. Francis urged his followers to make special efforts to overlook not only the acts of those who hated peace, but also of those who disturbed their own. St. John Climachus spoke of the tranquility of mind that sprung from humility.

The number of religious was so immense that whatever influence these orders wielded affected a large portion of the population. The abbey of Bangor in Ireland for example, sheltered four-thousand monks during the life of its founder, St. Comgall. "Good God" says St. Bernard, describing his monastery, "what an aggregation of pleasures hast Thou provided for the poor!" The average person would perhaps be surprised to learn how much of our present civilization is acknowledged by unsympathetic historians to have come from the monasteries.

Where there is intemperance in any form, and they are many, or a departure from right reason, there is always mental restlessness. This much, the Stoics had already discovered. The monks however, through their knowledge and observance of the Divine law, enjoyed a state of mental peace such as the Stoics could never even have conceived of. George Vasari, the artist, in a letter to Giovanni Pallastro tells of suffering a case of severe melancholy approximating insanity precipitated by the death of a friend, and his complete recovery through a visit to

the monastery of Camaldoli. "I verily believe" he writes, "that had I continued long in the same course it would have brought me to an untimely end. But it was by you my dear master Giovanni, blessed be God for it a thousand times, it was by your means that I was conducted to a fitter place to bring me to my proper senses, because I passed my time in a way that did me infinite service; for by communing with these holy hermits, they in the space of two days worked such an alteration in my mind for my good and my health that I began to be sensible of my former folly and the madness with which I had been blinded. But now it is in this chain of lofty mountains of the Appenines, beautified by the straight fir trees that I am able to feel the high value of a life of peace. Here these holy hermits have their abode together, leaving the vain world below them with a fervent spirit elevated to God. I have seen and conversed for an hour with five old hermits, none of them under eighty years of age, and who are strengthened to perfection by the Lord; and it seemed to me as if I had heard the discourse of five angels of Paradise."

"Choose silence" says Peter of Blois "if you wish to have peace of heart." St. Bernard calls the tongue "the instrument that serves to empty the heart." "As a furnace" he says, "of which the mouth is always open, cannot contain the heat within itself, so neither can the heart preserve within itself the grace of devotion unless the mouth be closed with the grace of silence."

It is no wonder then that the poets of the Middle Ages preferred the humble hospitality of the monasteries to the courts of potentates. It was there that Dante learned to explore the literature of the ancients. The great Buonorotti used to retire to some monastery from time to time to give his mind an opportunity to regain its vigor, and to ponder eternal truths among the woods and mountains. The chanting of the monks in the dead of night, the tolling of the matin bell in some peaceful place, exert an influence that goes down into the very marrow of the bones.

In Dryburg abbey resided often the moral Gower, and the philosophic Strode. In the convent of the Carmelites on the hill where Cato had his farm, Vida wrote his Christiad. In the Carthusian monastery near Milan, Petrarch who had a country villa near it, spent his happiest hours.

"Whence O God, is this peace which flows upon me?" exclaims a

French poet describing the divine benediction of solitude. "Whence this faith with which my heart overflows? Scarcely a few days have elapsed, and it seems as if an age, as if a world had passed, as if separated from them by an immense abyss, a new man had commenced within me. Ah, it is because I have found the peace of the desert and left that crowd where all peace perishes! It is because the soul of man is like a limpid wave whose azure is tarnished by every breeze that ruffles it, but when the wind dies away, the surface resumes again, its placidity."

"O happy desert" exclaims St. Basil, refuge of those whom the world persecutes, and whom it cannot endure, consolation of the afflicted, rest of those who are weary of this life, place of refreshment and of peace against the ardor of the passions, of safety for the body and freedom for the soul! Thy remembrance shall never depart from me! O Jacob how rich and beautiful are thy tabernacles, and thy tents, O Israel! O solitary life, holy, angelic, blessed! No tongue can express the sentiments of love which I feel for thee! No voice can paint the joy with which thou dost fill my heart!

Count Elzear de Sebron whose name alone brings one back to the Ages of Faith and heroic virtue has left in the tablets of Vallombrosa and Camaldoli a memorial of the peace that he derived from inhaling the sanctity of these cloisters, and certainly most perverted must be the mind which does not regard the memory of a visit to the monasteries of Switzerland and Italy as one of its most delightful recollections.

Bulwer-Lytton says, "How many have found solitude not only as Cicero calls it, 'the pabulum of the mind,' but the nurse of their genius! how many of the world's most sacred oracles have been uttered like those of Dodona from the silence of the deep woods."

The poet Cowley says that "we ought in the choice of a situation to regard above all things, the healthfulness of the place for the mind rather than for the body." The monastic founders followed this principle, and to mental wholesomeness of place, they added wholesomeness of order. Hugo of St. Victor found that "the more strictly one lives, the happier one is, for an abstemious life kills vices, extinguishes desires, nourishes virtues, strengthens the soul and elevates the mind to celestial things," and prescribing habits of common sense, self-restraint, patience, and temperance necessarily brought peace to the monks.

"For a man of good manners," says Brother Francis Antonio

Guevara, "the tranquility of a monastery constitutes another paradise. Certainly if one reflects well, there is no peace under heaven equal to that of being in company with good men, praying to God with them."

HE WATCHES

With what wonderful love does Our Lord watch when we take some poor Crucifix in our hands and raise it to our lips!

We with our weak soul vision and forgetful mind, kiss the unresponsive metal or wood, and we do not see the Holy Face of the Redeemer bending over us from highest heaven, we cannot see the tender smile on the divine Lips or the loving light in the merciful Eyes.

If asked if we believe He watches every act of love, we answer "Yes," but if we really acted up to this belief, would a day ever pass without our pressing loving lips upon the figure of the Crucified?

The mother coming unexpectedly upon her son imprinting a fond kiss upon some old faded photograph of herself—the lover finding his betrothed gazing fondly upon some miniature he has given her—the daughter coming home when least expected and finding a painting of herself in the place of honor in the old home—all these know the meaning of the word "joy."

But what of the Christ looking down from heaven, watching one of the souls for whom He died, watching, waiting, yearning, for a little love, counting as no earthly lover ever counted every kiss?

My Crucifix! Blest image Thou
Of God made Man for me!
To love thee more I know not how!
What wonder if my head I bow
Whene'er Thy sign I see!

My Crucifix! Held in my hand,
When tears my tired eyes dim,
Thou helpest me to humbly stand,
On hill, in vale, on rock, on sand,
And offer all to Him.

—Dame Monica, in the *Antidote*.

Small Messenger of Faith

M. S. KALLENBACH

The winding white ribbon of a roadway wending its length through the wooded heights of Fairmount Park, where the quiet Quaker Citizens and natives of the City of Brotherly Love assemble each Spring, to witness the annual river regatta, would be the last place to look for the delivery of a sermon, but it was there I ran into Jimmie.

Ran into him literally, in fact, and the attention of the enthusiastic populace was not diverted by the episode, but continued to watch with fascinated interest, the brilliant spectacles of sparkling river and straining crews before them. Sometimes brilliant spectacles not only allure but serve as a basis of contrast, as well.

Matters had not been going very well with me lately. Too many irons in the fire had become overheated and scorched me in consequence. It is hardly human to see others succeed where you have failed and not make a moan. I had just about reached that point where a man definitely decides to let everything drop, but someone must have been on their knees for me.

As I drove along gingerly feeling my way through the mass of spectators constantly moving and darting about following the skiffs on the river,—a sudden jar—a shrill cry brought me to a jolting stop. What had the old bus done now? I craned my neck but could see nothing. Another muffled cry and my door opened.

In an instant, I was out of it and had stopped to lift a disheveled little figure out of the dust of the driveway. A very little chap in shabby jacket and 'shorts' that had seen better days. He had darted after some vanishing companions across the front of my car. The other boys ran on unheeding. From experience with this particular type of youngsters, I expected a howl of protest and I braced myself accordingly. But I was mistaken. Little legs trembled but managed to remain erect. Two very blue eyes gazed quizzically up into mine and Jimmie said—for his name was Jimmie, "You nearly got me that time, mister!"

But it was merely the fact, after all, that his companions had vanished, and not his own narrow escape from injury, that saddened him, as I was to learn.

"How'll I ever catch up to 'em now?" he queried wistfully, as his

look sought the high, long stretch of trolley bridge across to the other shore and over which the boys had scampered. Thoughtfully he was deciding, as he looked, upon a campaign of pursuit suited to his need.

"I was agoin' to ask ye fer a hitch, but dey don't 'low cars over that bridge let alone boys, so I'll jes' watch me chanct between trolleys and den I'll scoot along," he said deliberately, "an' I guess I'll ketch up wid 'em."

"But suppose you don't?"

"Den I'll ask a park guard ef he 's seen 'em," he replied firmly. "Dey allus 'shoo' us fellas off de bridge."

His complete confidence in the omniscience of the park guards might have given me food for thought, if I had not been somewhat taken back by this decided mark of courage. He could scarcely have been more than six years of age—a veritable gamin—and I wondered whether I had good reasons to divide my responsibility for his safety with the park force. Jimmy however, had quite decided the course he intended to pursue himself, and had mounted to the bridge, pressing as close to the guard rail as possible, now and then gazing intently down upon the animated scene below.

I stood there watching his ascent for a moment. Lifting my eyes, I saw from the other end of the bridge, the whizzing approach of a trolley, and in the next blink of an eyelid, the poised figure of a man upon the top rail and his quick leap downward into the river. Jimmie's shrill cries brought me out of my trance.

"C'me here, mister—man overboard!" His arms wildly beckoned me upward.

As I reached his side, I saw the widening circles that indicated the spot where the unfortunate had fallen. A nearby shell was gallantly striking out to the rescue from the eastern shore line.

"Can't he go, though!" cried Jimmie excitedly pointing to the boat.

Yelling and shouting advice and instructions, the regatta crowd were milling and struggling to get a closer view. Another speeding punt put out from the channel of boats that marked the racing line in the river.

"Hurry up!" ordered Jimmie shrilly to the rescuer, "Hurry up, can't yer?"

With a yell of agony, the man in the water disappeared. Cramp,

most likely, I thought. Once more, he was on the surface, shouting weakly "help, help," at intervals.

In a flash the struggle before my eyes aligned itself with that of my own life. I groaned aloud at the danger the victim of the bridge trolley was in, helplessly struggling in view of thousands powerless to assist. Women shrieked and called. Men shouted and wildly waved their arms, but Jimmie, from his perch, launched hope down to the excited multitude.

"He'll make it!" He assured them with glee, "He'll make it; don't worry!"

And finally when the victim had gone down for the third time and a silence of death hung over all, Jimmie's piping treble rang out again.

"He's got 'im. He's got 'im!"

From the watery depths, the rescuer emerged holding fast to an inanimate figure and surrounded by this time by half a dozen shells. Into one of which, both were gently lifted and conveyed to the official launch, where the doctor accompanying the race got to work promptly.

In this excitement, the gulf of age between Jimmie and I, had been spanned and we met as equals.

"Now Jimmie," I said, "supposing that had been you the trolley had forced overboard, what would you have done?"

He looked upward with a sunny smile.

"Gee," he answered cheerfully, "I'd afloated aroun' till some fell'a'd come wid a boat and den I'd climbed right up inter it."

"But what if there had been no boat about to see you fall?"

"Den I'd afloated and aprayed, and afloated and aprayed an' akep' on aprayin', till some body DID come," he replied resolutely.

Having thus shown me a man's standard of conduct when overtaken by disaster, he turned again to a view of the river below. Interest in this miniature philosopher was rapidly gaining on me, and his sturdy independence and self control, drew my respect as well as admiration. I determined to delve deeper into this translucent mind.

"Do you like regattas?" I asked.

"You bet!" he assured me emphatically and without polish, but with the manner of a prince. Soon I learned why. "My dad's a sailor," he said.

"Ah, so that's it. Your father has a boat, has he?"

"Yes, sir; I think he's got a boat." Jimmie's sigh was deep and revealed trouble. He looked at me in a brown study and then, deciding probably in his little heart that I was worthy, he confided: "Ma and me aint seen 'im fer a long, long time. We don't know where he is. It makes Ma cry but she don't let me see her do it—much, 'nd she prays a lot."

I sensed that Jimmie was not seeking maudlin sympathy. Rather he was trying to state a lamentable fact with dignity and with no attempt to criticize anyone. Much stirred at his disclosure, I replied:

"That's too bad, little man."

"Ma aint always bellerin'," he hastened to lift my gloom and then when he saw that I was relieved, he continued, giving me the whole sordid story. I was impressed by his evident efforts to encourage the mother in looking on the bright side. His father would return—MUST return sometime. He explained:

"Ma's just weak that's all. She aint no whiner. She's sick an' 'at's what makes her do it."

The vision of this tiny resolute soul resisting the advance of fear caused by a father's defection and a mother's illness so thrilled me, that I urged him to come with me for a ride in the car, the races now being over and the crowds dispersing.

Evidently a ride was something new to him and his delight was contagious. He asked if he might control the gas supply. Permission being granted, he stood up to reach the pedal with his foot. Then he wanted to relieve me of the siren and his joy in its deep throated notes was beautiful to see.

"Ef my dad had a car now," he exulted with sparkling eyes, "he'd c'm on home as quick as a wink!"

"But what would he do with his ship, then?" My question was launched as part of an absorbing play to suggest difficulties for this undaunted soul to surmount. Might I not through his sunny hopefulness find a way out of my own tangle?

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed loudly, "ain't you a nut? My dad'll hitch his ship to the wharf, of course."

"But supposing he doesn't come back," I hazarded.

"Then I'll keep acomin' and acomin' down to the wharf and aprayin' there, 'till I see a big ship come in, and den I'll ask the sailors ef they'd seen my dad and tell 'im to c'm back ter Ma and me."

I caught my breath and swallowed hard to soften the lump in my throat. Impetuously I leaned forward to draw this faithful little believer to my heart for I could'n speak. But he drew back surprised. Feeling the need of more sunshine, I ventured:

"Was your dad good to you?"

My little friend turned toward me and silently let his gaze dwell upon me. His eyes expressed surprise, pity, incredulity. In a hushed voice he whispered: "My dad's almost as good as God."

With a jolt I had stopped the car. Such confiding faith was too much for me. In the presence of confidence so sublime, I lifted my hat as though before a shrine—in fact, in the whir of the motor and the drone of the exhaust, I heard the last reverberations of an organ after benediction.

"Come Jimmie," I suggested. "Let's get out here and have some ice cream." What I actually wanted was the air—space—the child was far too big for me.

As we sat sipping and nibbling, in a thoughtless moment, I returned to the quest.

"Jimmie, what would you do if your father did not come back?" He glanced sharply at me and in that moment I knew I had committed the unpardonable sin.

"Of course, he will come back," I hastened to add,—"but just suppose he didn't."

Such a supposition he had never considered even for a moment. I sensed that immediately as he deliberately looked at the question from every angle before replying.

"Why den I'll grow up big right away and git a job and keep my Ma at home." But as he returned to his cream, he remained silent and absorbed. Something had come between us—he was no longer chatty and frank. Suddenly he questioned me.

"Don't you fink he'll eber come back?" I knew from that tone that he was weighing my ability—my standards—my fitness to associate with such a friend as himself. I had sunk in his estimation and his question came down to one on a lower level than himself.

My answer restored his esteem. He again beamed in happiness and radiated sunshine, as we re-entered the car, for another spin through the park. It was then I suggested home, after agreeing to meet again the following Saturday, for a spin in my boat on the river.

"Maybe my dad's ship'll be in," he suggested happily, "an' den I'll tell 'im all about you." Lastly he admitted in a tone that conferred a blessing, "Gee, you're a swell guy." Following it swiftly with the ultimate benison: "I bet my dad'll shake hands with you."

As I re-entered the car, I touched the spot where he had sat. I felt lifted up, reproved, disciplined, exhilarated. My own troubles were not nearly as disastrous as the defection of Jimmie's erring father. I pondered upon my groveling, mean spirit in contrast with the youngster's vivid, intrepid faith and magnificent courage. The eternal miracle of Spring was all about me—daring thought—why couldn't I not too, turn over a new leaf. Why should I not apply Jimmie's radiant philosophy to my need and "acome again an' again an' again—"

In the shadow of this tiny lad I felt very small and insignificant—thoughts came of my late despair—his problem—mine—his philosophy—my own. What an ignoble worm I had been! But at least it was not yet too late. Abased and in the dust, like the worm I could still wiggle and wiggle and keep on wiggling until I had obtained my end. God bless Jimmie!

A CATHOLIC'S OBLIGATION

Admiral William S. Benson, in a recent speech outlined the duties and responsibilities facing American Catholics today. Among other things, well said, he declared:

"Do we stand out preeminently before our fellow men as observers of the law, for individual piety, for square dealing in business, in charity (word and deed), in gentleness of speech, abstinence from profanity, and unclean speech? The only way we can change the feelings of our separated fellow citizens is by doing the above things. . . .

"The obligations resting on Catholics in this country are manifold and varied. We have our personal salvation to secure; we have our duties at Catholics, possessing the true Faith, to do our full share in the propagation of that Faith by the lives we lead, the examples we set, and the work we do and the way we do it."

The more we live before the world, the less we live before God. The more the world's judgment is in our favor, the less is God's!

From a Priest's Diary

C. J. WARREN, C.Ss.R.

The train was rapidly filling up, and though I had hoped for the luxury of a seat to myself to say Divine Office and read, the expected happened. "Seat taken, sir?" inquired an elderly man. "No, sir," I replied, "help yourself." And he did with evident satisfaction, planting his portly form on my newspaper, as he said: "Full house today; I wonder where they're all going."

When he had lit a cigar he seemed in the right humor for a chat. "Nice weather we're having, isn't it?" "Yes," I replied; "it's a beautiful day." "You're a Catholic clergyman, are you not?" "Yes, sir; I'm a Catholic priest. What do you happen to be?" "Oh, I'm nothing in particular as far as religion goes. I believe in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. I have no particular affiliations but I admire your religion in some ways." I thanked him for the compliment and asked what he found in the Catholic religion to admire.

"I like the stand your Church takes on divorce," he said. "This country of ours seems to be losing all sense of decency and decorum. Business appears to be good all the time in divorce mills. Other industries may shut down occasionally but this one is evidently running day and night. Your Church, if I am not mistaken, insists on the sanctity of the marriage bond."

"Yes," I replied, "the Catholic Church teaches that the bond contracted in a lawful and consummated marriage is sacred and inviolable. Her doctrine in this case, as in every other, is but the teaching of Divine Revelation—God's own word. God Himself instituted marriage when He united our first parents in wedlock. Referring to this union of man and woman, He said: 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' When men begin to tamper with a divine ordinance they cannot expect to escape the indignation of an offended God. They sow the wind and reap the whirlwind."

"Every intelligent and disinterested man and woman must admire the Catholic Church for opposing divorce, for in so doing she erects a barrier against the flood of evils threatening to engulf society itself. Unbridled sensuality, disruption of homes, contempt of authority, rebellion against restraint, a rising generation without fear of God or

man—these are some of the tributaries swelling the tide that threatens destruction."

"That's very true," remarked my fellow traveler; "I see evidences of it every day. The gangsters are recruited these days from young people in their teens. We are not surprised any more to hear of even young girls taking part in bold hold-ups. The bars are down. There is no salutary restraint. Control is hardly ever effective unless it be from within. Your Church may be able to control her own but what of the big crowd that knows not God?"

"They constitute a very serious problem," I said, "for the only thing apparently available to control them is the arm of the law, but the arm is not long enough to reach them. There might be some hope for the men and women of tomorrow if the boys and girls of today received some sort of religious education."

"Ah, now you touched the right spot," said my companion. "That's another thing I admire in your Church. Your people are surely to be commended for the sacrifice they make. They pay their share for the maintenance of the public schools, then build and support their own besides."

"Well you know why they do so I suppose? Religion is the most important thing in their lives. The business of saving their souls, i.e., of attaining endless happiness in the world to come transcends all other affairs, for, 'What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?' Now, unless the child learns his religion, the man will not know it. 'As the twig is bent the tree will be inclined.' An all-around education must reach the heart as well as the head. Unless they are imbued with respect for the laws of God, what will induce them to revere the ordinances of men? 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,' says Holy Scripture. Mere mental training is no guarantee of good citizenship. Our prisons are full of people who received what many call a good education. The three R's are not enough to curb the vicious inclinations of men. There must be a fourth—and that is religion."

"What you say seems true," remarked my friend. "Experience bears you out. But even if they had no future life to look to, the good of society, the perfection of the human race ought to be their objective. Respect for the rights and feelings of others is a very commendable quality worth cultivating."

"It is indeed, my dear friend, but that motive alone will never influence the majority of men. Selfishness is too big a factor in their makeup. Mere humanitarian motives will rarely inspire a continued sacrifice. It's the old story—'just a flash in the pan.' If people have no impelling reason to love and revere a single man, neither will they have regard for an agglomeration of men.

"Catholics respect the authority of lawfully chosen officials of the Government because they look upon them as representatives of the Ruler of the universe, of God Himself. This is what Holy Scripture says, and Holy Scripture is the word of God: 'There is no power but from God: and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore, he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist, purchase to themselves damnation.' Rom. 13. Not only is this the case with ecclesiastical, but also with civil authority, for our Lord distinctly said: 'Give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's.'

"See the trouble these Communists are causing. They rejected the authority of God—in fact, they proclaim openly that there is no God. The next logical step is the very one they have taken—to reject the authority of man. Their aim now is to overthrow all government as at present constituted, and on the ruins to establish another in accordance with their own radical and revolutionary ideas.

"There is a time-honored maxim that centuries of experience have made a truism: 'No one is fit to command except him who has learned to obey.' The word 'submission' is nowhere to be found in the Communist vocabulary, at least as far as they themselves are concerned. And yet their slogan reads: 'Bring the world into blind submission to Communist ideas. Communism must rule though the heavens should fall.'

"I am glad, my friend, that you have such good practical ideas on matters of vital importance. It seems to me your admiration for our Church should lead you to investigate her claims. You say you believe in God. Now God, as the King of heaven, has surely sent His ambassador on earth, as nations send their representatives to foreign lands. Naturally we examine their credentials. If these are found to be authentic, we welcome the ambassadors and respect their authority.

"Have you ever thought of investigating the doctrine of the Catholic Church with a view to submit to her teaching if you were convinced

of the truth?" "No," said he, "I have never gone that far. I might some day when I am more religious minded. But I'm afraid I wouldn't make much progress. There's a big obstacle that would take the heart out of me right away." "What's that?" I asked. "Your doctrine on hell," he replied; "I couldn't stomach that."

"Well, my good man, that's a pretty hard doctrine to discuss with a man who has no background of supernatural faith, but in your quiet moments think of this: our Blessed Lord taught the existence of hell and He worked miracles to prove the truth of His teaching. To the skeptics of His day, he said: 'If you believe not my words, believe my works—they bear testimony of me.' These words are just as applicable today as they were when first spoken. Again, the Church that Christ established over 1900 years ago has always taught the doctrine of eternal punishment for the unrepentant sinner. Among the followers of this Church have been the greatest minds that ever lived. Could these hundreds of millions of Catholics of every age of the Christian era, have been in error? Don't you imagine they investigated the grounds on which this doctrine rests? Has the teaching any more natural appeal for them than for you? No, decidedly not. And, therefore, the arguments for its acceptance must be strong and convincing enough to conquer all natural repugnance, and make them willing and intelligent captives to the truth.

"Well, here we are. My, how the time does fly, when one is interested in something. I have enjoyed your company very much. It helped to make the trip short and pleasant. I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you again, and until then let us pray the dear Lord and His Blessed Mother for light to see the truth and courage to follow it. Here is what a famous man once said:

"If I am right thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, then guide my heart,
To find the beaten way."

"Good bye, my dear man, and good luck to you."

The patient man is like a rock in the ocean, on which the impatient waves break. He may be compared to a lamb that utters no sound when it is slain.

Chinese Puzzles

HARRY S. SMITH, C.Ss.R.

Even in the best of weather, the road to Nan Feng is nothing more than a weedy, hoof-beaten path, scarcely more than two yards in width; but in the rainy season, when the river is flooded, and when it rains today as it did yesterday, and a week from yesterday, the little road can hardly be distinguished from the lakes of rice paddies that border it for miles on either side. It was along this road that three lonely travelers were making their way in the drizzling dusk of an April afternoon. From head to foot they were covered with the brown mud of the road, and were it not for the plop of their ponies' hoofs and the jangling of the bridle, they could hardly be distinguished from the sullen, sodden landscape beyond. The ponies came to a stop at a place in the road where, it seemed, a small path began its zig-zag course across the paddies to a pile of low buildings in the distance.

"I'm afraid this little jack rabbit of mine is all in, Father," Phil Rawlings observed as they dismounted and stretched their saddle-weary legs. "Look, he's even too tired to nibble at the grass."

"The pep is gone out of my little fellow, too. I'm afraid we won't make Nan Feng tonight." The speaker was the Reverend Alexander Bruce, pastor of the district of Nan Feng, and familiarly known from Hong Kong to Manchuria as Father Sandy. He had been to Hankow to see his bishop, and there had met again Phil Rawlings whom he had known at home in the States. Rawlings was an engineer in the employ of a company that had contracted to build a railroad into central China. The third member of the party was Father Sandy's catechist and general helper, Ah Lai, a smart little fellow whose love for the Church had made him abandon a good job in the household of the English Consul at Shanghai to give his life in the service of the missions. They had traveled by boat to Kienchang, and after two days' rest, had taken the road to Nan Feng, sixty miles westward; but the road was so bad that at the end of the second day, they found themselves still twelve miles from their destination.

"This must be the crossroads that Ah Lai mentioned," Rawlings was saying, "and those roofs in the distance there must be the town. That right, Ah Lai?"

The little Chinaman bristled with importance.

"Him right road so. Two mile catch 'em town—plenty house."

"What do you think about it, Phil?" asked Father Sandy. "Our ponies will never make it to Nan Feng tonight, and we're soaked to the skin. At least we can get a night's rest and dry our clothes."

"I'm in favor of it, Father. It's the only thing to do in our condition, and I don't want to spend a night on the road."

"Ah Lai likeum town. Night on road, not so nice." To Ah Lai English was an insoluble puzzle.

"Looks like the 'ayes' have it," observed Father Sandy, "so let's go. The sooner we reach the town the better; we might be able to dig up some friends or find a hotel."

To be marooned on a forlorn Chinese highway, in a steady Chinese rain, and open to attack from Chinese dogs, beggars and bandits, is not a desirable situation. There had been rumors in Kienchang about bandits and rebels, but in every Chinese village, where respectable citizens turn bandit over night, there is always more or less of such gossip. Upon inquiry, Father Sandy had been assured that the road was well policed, and that government troops were in the vicinity, so he had begun his journey with few misgivings.

* * *

The little party had scarcely advanced a hundred yards down the narrow street of the hamlet, when, with a wild yell that split the silence of the little street, some ten or twelve men darted suddenly out of a near-by house and formed a circle around the three travelers. They were dressed in yellow trousers and blue shirts and carried rifles with bayonets attached. Bandoleers of cartridges hung around their shoulders and each carried a dagger and an automatic at his belt. They menaced the travelers with their weapons. Rawlings made a gesture for his gun.

"Don't draw, Phil," Father Sandy cautioned; "they must be Government men from Kienchang."

They were ordered to hold up their hands. Ah Lai was the first to obey; the others followed reluctantly.

"There must be some mistake," Father Sandy explained; "probably troops policing this section."

"They don't look like troops to me." Rawlings was wary.

One of the men relieved Rawlings of his gun. They were forced to dismount and were led within a small compound in one corner of

which was a room built of stone with iron gratings on the door and window. Father Sandy and Rawlings were pushed inside and a heavy bolt was slipped as the door closed. Ah Lai had been taken into the house.

Rawlings was furious at this treatment.

"This is an insult, Father," he said. "If this is a government action, the authorities will hear about it from me. Here we are, peaceful travelers, looking for shelter, and we're arrested and thrown into jail."

"Take it easy, Phil," Father Sandy was remarkably cool; "the whole thing must be a big mistake."

"Big mistake, nothing. We have our passports and have disturbed no one. Somebody is going to pay for this."

"They are probably under orders from their officers to detain all travelers," Father Sandy suggested.

"I don't think they are under any orders," Phil protested. "If they are government troops, they would have asked for our passports and submitted us to an examination. Instead, they hold us up at the point of a bayonet and lock us in this hole. I tell you, Father, I think they are bandits."

"Bandits—hardly."

"Yes, bandits. You never saw government men dressed like they are."

"But it's ridiculous, Phil," Father Sandy assured him. "We are only a few miles from Nan Feng where there's a garrison full of soldiers and a competent police department. No bandit would come this close."

There was a noise of shuffling feet in the compound without; suddenly the door was pushed open, and Ah Lai was thrown in. His body was limp and cold, and across the side of his head was a jagged cut from which the blood oozed and trickled down his pallid face and onto his jacket. It was evident that he had been maltreated and was unconscious. They laid him on a pile of matting in the corner and began to bathe his wounds. Gradually the little Chinaman regained his senses and a smile passed over his countenance when he saw that he was back again with his friends and protectors.

"What did they do to you, Ah Lai?" Rawlings asked.

"Askum Ah Lai . . . what kind mans you." He spoke with much effort. "Ah Lai says . . . Amelican mans . . . hit Ah Lai on head wit club."

"Do they look like government troops, Ah Lai?" Father Sandy asked.

"Him no soldier mans . . . vely bad pigeons."

"Do you know who they are, Ah Lai?"

"Ah Lai think . . . bandit man. Callum big boss . . . Wu Tung."

He fell back, exhausted, upon the little bed of matting.

"Wu Tung!.. Rawlings gasped. Father Sandy saw the blood drain from his cheeks.

"Who's he? I never heard of him."

"Never heard of Wu Tung?" Rawlings was pale and he spoke with nervousness. "It's easy to see you've been cooped up in Central China for a long time. Wu Tung is known as the most daring and cruel bandit in all China. He's a merciless killer; the very mention of his name is enough to throw a whole province into panic. They call him the Scourge of Schuchen, because he slaughtered every living creature in the town; he even killed the dogs in the street. I tell you, Father, we're in a terrible situation."

Father Sandy was not a man to be frightened by danger. The courage that had made him leave home and come half way around the world to bury himself in a little Chinese town still thrilled through his veins. But it was not comfortable to realize suddenly that one is in the hands of a murderous and bloodthirsty bandit. He expressed his feelings in his favorite ejaculation, "Dear Lord, help us."

"The worst of it all, Father," Rawlings continued, "is that Wu Tung is notorious for his hatred of foreigners. About a month ago he murdered two Frenchmen and he held an English Journalist six months for a heavy ransom."

"It does look bad, Phil," said Father Sandy, "but still it seems unreasonable. Look—here we are only twelve miles from Nan Feng where there are all kinds of foreigners, soldiers and police. Besides if my people knew I was here, they'd come en masse and bring us home. Do you think any bandit would take such a chance?"

"Wu Tung would," Rawlings affirmed; "he strikes where he is least expected."

Ah Lai had raised himself on his matting and was listening to the conversation.

"Him Wu Tung all right. Ah Lai so savvy." He laid back once more.

"It's strange we did not hear anything about him, especially after inquiry at Kienchang."

"Wu Tung does not advertise like other bandits, Father. He's a pretty slick customer. You see, he worked in the Philippines and on sailing vessels in the Pacific, so he knows this part of the world pretty well. He's probably working his way across the country from the East. Wu Tung has a black record, Father. He's been in jail for several murders and once he escaped from the prison at Shanghai. We're in Dutch now if we ever were."

Father Sandy had become silently thoughtful; minutes passed before he spoke.

"Looks like we are in the middle of a rotten situation," he said. "Know any way out?"

"Can't think of a thing, Father," Rawlings contributed. "There isn't a loophole so far as I can see. We're caught, like flies in a web."

"Well, let's make the best of it. Suppose you and Ah Lai try to get a little sleep," Father Sandy suggested. "I'll sit up and watch for a while; we can change guard every two hours or so."

"Suppose you start with the snooze, Father; you need it badly."

"No, Phil, I'll take the first watch. I've some Office to say. Lie down, old man, and make yourself comfortable."

By the light of a candle Father Sandy finished his Office; then, slipping to his knees, he began his Rosary. And as the first gray streaks of a rainy dawn pierced their way through the barred window of a prison room, they fell upon the figure of a priest humbly prostrate in prayer.

* * *

It was scarcely light without when the prisoners were aroused by the violent opening of the heavy, barred door. Two men with rifles entered and motioned them to leave. At the door two more men met them and led them through a low opening into a sort of tunnel. This led to a rather large room decorated in the very height of Chinese elegance. Heavy, rich tapestries covered the walls; burnished lanterns hung from the vaulted ceiling and before a hideous buddha fragrant incense was burning. Groups of armed men were lounging here and there about the room, and at one end, behind a lacquered table sat the

bandit chief, Wu Tung. He was a large man, swarthy and strong, with heavy black mustachios that drooped from his upper lip like fringes of wet rope. His dress was of purple silk, luxurious and costly. A slight motion of his hand and the prisoners were brought before him; he rose and came in front of the table, and stood gazing at the prisoners with a mean, malicious eye.

"Who are you?" he said in plain English, addressing himself to Rawlings.

"My name is Philip Rawlings." There was fire in the words.

"What you do in China?" A battle of glances was being fought between them.

"I am an engineer. I am working to build a railroad through China that will help China's people."

"You lie . . . you are foreigner . . . you ruin China's people. All foreigners thieves. Wu Tung kill all damn Englishmen, Frenchmen. You English, French—today you take the heavenly ride."

"I'll have you know I am an American." Rawlings' fighting blood was up.

"No, you English—"

"You're a slant-eyed liar—"

"Easy, Phil!" Father Sandy put a restraining arm on his shoulder. Wu Tung directed his attention to the priest.

"What you do in China?" he asked.

"I am a Catholic priest," Father Sandy answered. "I am pastor of the district of Nan Feng."

A strange expression passed over the bandit's face. It was almost an expression of fear, and he drew a quick breath as if in excitement.

"You English, French?"

"It makes no difference what nationality I am. I am a priest of God and I am giving my life for your countrymen."

"You foreigner . . . you help steal China's money."

"Wu Tung," Father Sandy was emphatic, "I am not interested in the wealth of China. I am a priest and I am trying to show all Chinamen how to get to heaven. If my people in Nan Feng knew you had me here they would make trouble for you."

The bandit leveled his piercing, beady eyes upon the priest; the room was heavy with silence—no one moved a hair's breadth. Then

suddenly he clapped his hands, gave a sharp order in Chinese, and motioned the men in the room to file out of the door. The prisoners were led out guarded by four men. Wu Tung was the last to leave the room. When they had come into the open, Father Sandy noticed that the men were lined up facing a wall on which were hung several targets; each man bore his rifle and a supply of cartridges. He felt a nervous sick feeling come over him and the color left his cheeks.

Wu Tung turned and spoke to them.

"You will stand at wall . . . first priest . . . then you . . . then you," to Ah Lai and Rawlings.

"Wu Tung," Father Sandy addressed the bandit, "if you are going to kill us, at least be gentleman enough to give us time to prepare for death. We wish to die like men, not dogs."

The Chinaman was taken aback by this request. He seldom met men who were so cool in the face of death, and courage like this he admired.

"I give five minutes."

"Come, Phil," said Father Sandy, "we'd better get ready. It looks like the end."

They moved a few steps out of earshot and Rawlings fell on his knees and made his confession. Ah Lai followed. Then Father Sandy remained a moment on his knees and commanded himself to God. Wu Tung clapped his hands, and two of the men took the priest by the arm and led him to the wall. They then blindfolded him, and binding his hands behind his back, tied them to a ring in the wall. A command was given and the men raised their rifles. The supreme moment had come. Father Sandy muttered a short prayer, and then nerved himself to wait for the next command, the command of fire. He waited for the clap of Wu Tung's hands, he waited for the bark of the rifles, he waited for the faintness and the loss of consciousness that would come; he waited . . . he waited, . . . but they did not come. Then, suddenly, the bandage was jerked from his eyes. Wu Tung was standing before him and he was smiling—laughing almost. He could not understand this. What kind of an affair was this? Was this a Chinese joke? Was it thus the bandit enjoyed himself, by teasing men with death? Wu Tung came toward him and with his jeweled dagger cut the rope that bound him.

"Come," he said, "you are free." He led him away from the wall.

Father Sandy was speechless. He could not comprehend the things that were happening to him.

"Wh . . . why I . . . what . . ." The Chinaman interrupted him.

"Wu Tung satisfied. You go; don't come back."

"But I don't understand," Father Sandy managed to say.

They had come to where Rawlings and Ah Lai were standing. Wu Tung began to speak.

"Long time ago, Wu Tung live in Philippine Islands; work for American man. But Wu Tung get sick—sick bad wit smallpox. Nobody come near Wu Tung—almost die. Then Catholic priest—American priest, name Father Hart, come—take care Wu Tung. Him sick, too, wit fever—but no mind. He make Wu Tung well again. I no kill Catholic priest. I prove you Catholic priest all right. Now go—you free."

Their ponies were brought and they mounted. Before leaving, Father Sandy spoke to the bandit chief:

"Tell me, Wu Tung, how did you prove I was a Catholic priest?"

The Celestial smiled.

"I know you Catholic priest, 'cause, when death is near, only Catholic priest take care other fellow first."

UNDER THE CHURCH

Edward Gaylord Bourne, Professor of History in Yale University, in his book "Spain in America," gives a good account of the Church's work in Mexico, while it was still in her power to work unhampered.

Her missionaries came with the explorers, and at once set to work in an organized way to give the natives all the advantages of civilization and religion. Professor Bourne thus describes their system:

"The work of the Church was rapidly adapted to the new field of labor. In the main, it consisted of three distinct types: the parish work of the cura; the teaching and parish work of the Indian villages, or doctrina, in charge either of two or more friars or of a cura; and the missions among the wild Indians in charge of the missioneros.

"Every town, Indian as well as Spanish, was by law required to have its church, hospital and school, for teaching Indian children Spanish and the elements of religion."





Archconfraternity OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

Our Mother of Perpetual Help

MARY AND THE SACRAMENTS

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

Hardly anything is clearer from experience than that one of the "perpetual helps" of the Christian toward a good and devout life is the frequent and regular reception of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion. Every moral theologian, every confessor, every director of souls readily acknowledges this.

First of all Confession, with its hidden yet wonderful work in our souls: the gradual deepening of our horror for sin until the soul becomes sensitive of the slightest imperfection; the gradual approach to our Lord's own view of sin; an ever-increasing love for Him, strengthening our loyalty to such an extent that all His disappointments are felt as our own; so that, at last, we would put an end not only to our own sins, but even to those of others and comfort the Heart of Jesus, whose love has so long been disappointed and outraged.

The healthy shame that rises from looking our sins in the face—their ugly face—as we examine our conscience; the comforting relief that comes from telling them one by one to Jesus, hidden behind the veils of a human priesthood; the peace and joy born of the confidence that the Precious Blood has entirely washed them away: all this makes confession a great means of holiness of life. That was Our Lord's plan. There, too, we receive the advice we need to guard ourselves against our dangerous weaknesses and luring temptations, and by the penance we are obliged to perform, we feel the uplifting assurance that we, too, with all our human littleness can still do something toward the cure of our soul illnesses.

And like a mother at the first sign of her child's ailing, hastens to procure every relief and remedy—doctor, medicine, care—cost what

they may—and just as a mother, too, will not leave that beloved bedside till all danger is past—so Mary, our heavenly Mother, at the first sight of sin in any of her children, hastens to their aid.

Unseen, she hovers near, longing to nurse those souls back to the health of God's grace and friendship. At her prayers—all-powerful with her Divine Son—His grace is poured abundantly into their hearts; at her prayer, Jesus, her Son and our Physician, calls us to His Feet in the confessional, comes to meet us, even as the Father met his prodigal son. His remedy is no other than His own most Precious Blood, shed for many unto the remission of sin on Calvary.

And there stood by the Cross, Mary His mother. Were the veil lifted, we would see her near the confessional.

“That I may often and devotedly receive the Sacraments, come to my help, O loving Mother,” let us pray, saying the Litany of Our Mother of Perpetual Help.

THE STAR OF THE SEA

“‘And the Virgin’s name,’ says the Evangelist, ‘was Mary.’ Let us meditate briefly on this name which many interpret as meaning ‘Star of the Sea.’ Certainly no name could have been more suited to the Virgin Mother for, most fittingly, can she be compared to a star. Even as a star sends forth its rays without losing its own brilliancy, so Mary gave birth to her Divine Son without suffering harm or hurt to her own virginity. She is that glorious Star risen out of Jacob whose rays illumine the whole universe, whose splendor reaches the highest heavens even as the lowest depths, giving the warmth of life to men’s souls, killing the poisonous growth of sin, and bringing to luxurious blossoms the flowers of virtue. She is the Bright Evening Star shining out clear over the dark turbulent waters of life.

Whoever you may be that feels your life to be that of the mariner out on the stormy sea, if you do not wish to perish in the storm, do not take your eyes from Mary, the Star of the Sea. If the winds of temptation and tribulation rise, look to your Star, call on Mary. If the waves of pride, of ambition, of unkindness swell to your destruction, look to your Star, call on Mary. If anger, avarice, gluttony, lust threaten to engulf you, look to your Star, call on Mary. If you are frightened at the approach of crime, appalled by the reproaches

of conscience, terror stricken by the awfulness of the judgment to come—if you feel yourself sinking into the depths of sadness, into the abyss of despair, think of Mary. In doubts, in dangers, in difficulties, think of Mary, call on Mary. Let her sweet name never fade from your heart—let it never leave your lips."

We can follow the above advice of the Sainted Bernard by calling on Our Blessed Mother in every want of body or soul in the indulged invocation, "Mother of Perpetual Help, pray for us!"

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Dear Father: We promised publication in THE LIGUORIAN if we were preserved from a bad electric and wind storm a few nights ago. We promised that if our Hospital and all its inmates were saved and the buildings saved from wind and lightning dangers, that we would have it published. Many thanks to Our Mother of Perpetual Help, the Sacred Heart, St. Anthony and St. Joseph for our preservation.

May Our Mother of Perpetual Help always protect us.—The Sisters of _____.

* * *

Dear Father: The day after the close of a public novena in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help, I received the favor requested, namely, the renting of an apartment, for which I am deeply grateful to Our Blessed Mother.

I am enclosing an offering for Masses in honor of Our Blessed Mother, St. Joseph and the Poor Souls, and promised publication.—A child of Mary. Chicago.

* * *

Dear Father: About eighteen months ago I was very sick and the attending physician insisted that an operation would be the only thing to save my life. Instead of consenting to such an operation I decided first to have recourse to Our Mother of Perpetual Help and placed myself under the care of the Sacred Heart and promised to have the favor published should it be granted to us.

And forever thanks to the Sacred Heart and our dear Mother of Perpetual Help, I am well and so is our dear little son.

Enclosed is an offering for a Holy Mass at the shrine.—A grateful mother. Texas.

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I want to thank you again for a favor received. I had thought that our baby was exposed to scarlet fever and made a novena, if that was it, that she would not contract it. Thank God, everything is all right. Dear Mother, thank you again for all favors received. Milwaukee.

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I want to thank you for your wonderful protection shown my folks who were in an automobile accident some time ago. I didn't know it at the time, but when I heard of it I was worried. But they all came out of it all right and I promised to have it published if they would.

I also ask the conversion of a friend to the Catholic Faith if it be the Will of God.—California.

* * *

Dear Father: I wish to thank the most Sacred Heart of Jesus and Our Mother of Perpetual Help for helping me to recover from what threatened to be a serious sickness. Please publish this in THE LIGUORIAN as I promised to do so.—Colorado.

THE WHEELS OF PROGRESS

Progress is the boast of our modern day. Men love to point to the benighted ages of the past, and then to the singular advancements mankind has made in the present era. They speak with pride of scientific achievements—of mechanical inventions—and intellectual discoveries that rightfully make our age outstanding for its progress.

Among the other forms of progress some men prate of social and religious progress. With figures that require no deep thinking to interpret, Elmer Murphy, in an article in the *Commonweal* of some weeks back, shows that there is anything but progress in one department of our social life.

"Specifically," he says, "the deaths caused by communicable diseases have declined from 400 per 100,000 of population in 1901, to fewer than 150 in 1929. (Genuine progress in the medical arts!) But the deaths due to degenerative diseases rose from something over 350 to more than 500."

Evidently there is "regress" instead of "progress" in the field of morals—so closely allied with the field of religion, and so necessary for anything like social progress.

Catholic Anecdotes

A MATTER OF POLITENESS

"On Pentecost I was at the Cathedral and for the first time assisted at Pontifical Mass."

"And were you deeply impressed?"

"Yes—and no."

"How is that?"

"Well, it was this way. I said to myself: 'This is beautiful, true, but as a religious service, it is altogether too formal and too complicated.'

"The ceremony, as you call it, is a code of politeness toward God, our Father and our Master."

"But toward God, does not interior worship—in spirit and truth—suffice?"

"Let me ask you in turn—is interior politeness, in spirit and truth, sufficient in regard to eminent men or great personages whom we approach?"

"But, where is the analogy between politeness toward our equals and superiors and politeness toward God?"

"Listen to a little incident. It is true. And it will answer your question. A lady who posed as a free-thinker was conversing one day with a celebrated writer named Brucker. She said:

"Well, I admit your Catholic dogma and moral; but what I cannot admit or like is your worship. You must admit that all these external practices, these religious ceremonies, mean nothing and that religion would gain if it cast them off."

The writer was a man of exquisite manners; but imagine the lady's surprise when, suddenly rising, he put his hand familiarly on her shoulder and said brusquely: 'Ah! You are so fat! Get on with you!"

Indignantly that lady drew back. "Insolent man," she cried, "how dare you? What do you take me for?"

"Madam," replied Brucker, resuming the tone of a man of education and breeding, "pardon me; but when I heard you a moment ago

deride outward religious worship, which is simply the formula of politeness toward God, I thought that you equally despised the formulas of worldly politeness, which are nothing else than the external cult rendered to creatures in the measure in which they deserve."

"GOOD NIGHT AND GOD BLESS YOU"

To numbers of us these words mean home and mother. We are children once again; mother tucks us up and gives us a good-night kiss.

A celebrated French artist once declared that the remembrance of Granny's good-night kiss had kept him chaste and honest in manifold temptations.

His grandmother used to come to his little bed and, bending over him, used to kiss his brow and say softly: "May God keep thee, little son!"

One of my sweetest and most hallowed memories is of a good-night prayer said at little mother's knee. After repeating various short prayers I used to say this little rhymed one:

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
 Bless Thy little lamb tonight;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
 Keep me safe till morning light.

"All the day Thy Hand has led me,
 And I thank Thee for Thy care.
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
 Listen to my evening prayer.

"Let my sins be all forgiven,
 Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me when I die to heaven,
 Happy there with Thee to dwell."

After the "Amen," I climbed the wooden hill and went to bed, and a sweet voice said: "God night, darling. God bless you."

When I have been downhearted I have recalled these words and the grand petition, "Make us to be numbered with Thy Saints in glory everlasting," uttered from the heart.—*Roseau Bulletin*.

Pointed Paragraphs

THE CHURCH IN MEXICO

On the first anniversary of peace between the Church and the Government of Mexico, June 21, His Excellency, the Most Rev. Leopoldo Ruiz y Flores, Apostolic Delegate to Mexico, granted an interview which has been printed in *El Universal*.

"The only way to obtain any amendment to the existing religious laws," the Apostolic Delegate is quoted as saying, "is by petitioning the Government in order that the Catholics may have an opportunity to persuade the Government that when these amendments are enforced the result will be a closer union between the Government and the people of Mexico. Although the Government may not be Catholic, by granting liberty to Catholics it would have the greatest support from these.

"During the first year following the settlement, there has been no change in the attitude either of the Government or of the Church. The Church has made no effort to obtain an amendment of the Constitution or of the religious laws in force that would grant greater liberty to the Catholics of Mexico.

"We do not believe that the time has yet arrived for such amendments," Archbishop Ruiz is quoted as saying, "but I believe that this will happen soon, in view of the fact that the Government continues to show good will and this was the basis for the arrangements completed on June 21 of last year.

"The amendments which we desire most of all are those which permit liberty of education in the schools for Catholics; liberty to baptize and permission for religious orders to labor in the country. Under the present arrangements religious instruction can be given only inside the churches to Catholic children. During the past year ten seminaries for the education of candidates for the priesthood have been reopened. Every college, school or institution of any kind under Religious remain closed as they were during the conflict.

"Approximately 90 per cent of the inhabitants of Mexico are Catholic. Only a small number of Mexicans follow the 'Mexican Catholic

Church's which was established in 1925 by Juan Perez, an apostate priest from Corpus Christi. Even those Catholics who are baptized and married in accordance with the rules of the Church, but who do not obey other laws of the Church, would never join any other church than the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church. If we had a greater number of priests and the necessary missions, it would be possible to teach these people something more about their religion and make them devout.

"In 1910 there were 5,000 priests for a population of 15,000,000 inhabitants. Today we have a population of 16,500,000 and only 4,000 priests. Local governments have the power of limiting the number of priests in their territory and as a result there is only one priest for every ten or eleven churches. . . . The churches which have a priest find themselves so congested that it is necessary for the people to remain outside the church on the steps in order to attend religious services.

REAL LAY LEADERS

I saw the following account in the *Pittsburgh Catholic* (the diocesan weekly paper) and was struck by it. I think it carries a message for all.

"Perhaps if you were asked to name some of the city's 'prominent' Catholics you would hardly start off—unless you belonged to St. Agnes' parish—with Mike Griffin, a street car inspector; Bill McGrail, a street car motorman, or Tom Boyle and John Hanley, meter readers for a local gas company. But if you knew the kind of unselfish, charitable, zealous work they are doing for the spiritual and material welfare of the people of St. Agnes' parish, under the guidance of their priests, you would start your list off with their names, and keep them right at the top all the way through.

"The latest evidence of the unceasing efforts of the above quartet in their own parish came to light this week when they reported to the priests of the parish that they had signed up 92 men—a total unheard of before from any parish in the entire diocese—for the Summer Retreats to be held at St. Vincent College, Latrobe, under the auspices of the Diocesan Union Holy Name Society. And they are not through yet, as the first retreat doesn't open at St. Vincent's until next week and there are three more retreats after that one, extending up to and including the fourth which comes on August 13.

"Mike Griffin is a former city policeman, but for the past several years he has been with the Pittsburgh Railways Company, serving now as an inspector. He is perhaps the greatest 'agitator'—always excepting the inimitable Steve Barry of McKeesport—for laymen's retreats in the diocese. He talks and argues retreats in season and out button-holes any man of the parish any place he meets him, and refuses to take no for an answer. He has made as many as a dozen calls on one man before getting him to make a retreat, but, says Mike, once a man makes a retreat Mike's labors are ended as far as that man is concerned, as he never has to be urged to make another.

"A close second to Mike in the retreat work of St. Agnes' parish is Bill McGrail, operator of a one-man street car. It probably isn't true, as some of Bill's friends contend, that Bill occasionally halts his car in the middle of a trip to deliver a speech on retreats to his passengers, but the fact that he succeeds each year in signing up nearly as many men for retreats as does his friend, Mike Griffin, is eloquent testimony of the long hours of hard and persistent work he puts in in behalf of the cause.

"Tom Boyle is president of the Holy Name Society of the parish, actively interested not only in the Holy Name and Retreat movements, but also in the parish St. Vincent de Paul Society, of which his friend, John Hanley, is president. Since there is plenty of work for the parish Vincentians to do these days in their own particular field of charity, they have been forced to leave most of the retreat work in the capable hands of Mike Griffin and Bill McGrail. For instance, every Sunday morning, Tom and John take charge of the Catholic children in the near-by Juvenile Detention Home and escort them to St. Agnes' for Mass. In all the time they have been doing this work of mercy not one child has escaped from them, or even attempted to do so, although the large number of children who make their escape from that particular detention home has become somewhat of a public scandal of recent months.

"The other evening, the priests of St. Agnes' parish called a meeting of their 'lieutenants' to discuss Holy Name, Retreat and St. Vincent de Paul work, but the meeting had to be postponed as the priests learned that practically all the men wanted for that meeting were busily engaged that evening visiting the poor and distressed of the parish, and giving material aid and comfort to them!"

SEEING THINGS AS THEY ARE

Those who remember John Sharp Williams in his Senate days will carry a vivid recollection of his personality. He felt strongly on many subjects, and generally expressed himself in the same way. Never, however, did he talk for the sake of talk. He was a sincere man, even in his prejudices.

Of late years, Mr. Williams has been living in retirement. His naturally active mind has had time to go over the experiences of his long public career, and advancing age has mellowed the aging "War Horse."

In an interview given recently to the *Macon Telegraph*, he said, concerning the teaching of the Immaculate Conception:

"The Immaculate Conception, from the standpoint of reason, is no more impossible or miraculous than the manifold mysteries on every hand. The wonder of the jasmine flower with its fragrance is as much of a miracle and took a supreme mind to create and formulate. This supreme mind also formulated the Immaculate Conception, no greater miracle than the jasmine flower. . . ."

"I have spoken from the same platform with Cardinal Gibbons at Baltimore, and am now reading a book (by Cardinal Gibbons), 'The Faith of Our Fathers'."

Indeed, the Immaculate Conception is no more impossible than the "wonder of the jasmine flower," and, to the Almighty Mind of God is no more miraculous. It lies in His plan of the universe, although it is beyond the ordinary course of nature.—*Ave Maria.*

WHERE THE PROBLEM BEGINS

"Anyone who has had the personal contact with as many young men of college age as I have had during the last forty years must of necessity have met a good many parents, and from this meeting have formed some pretty definite conclusions. My experience has been largely with young men, and my illustrations will best be chosen, therefore, from the parents of the young fellows whom it has been my privilege to do business with during the routine of a very busy life.

"There is much being said these days concerning the problems of youth, and there is no doubt in my mind that the youth of today has his problems; but, as I see it, the problems of the young men with

whom I have to do, have, in a large majority of cases, their inception at home with the parents of these young fellows.

"It is the influence and the example and the discipline or the lack of discipline, which the young man—and the young woman, too, I have no doubt—receives at home which determines pretty largely what he is and does."

These are the words of Thomas Arkle Clark, Dean of Men at the University of Illinois, a man who has had long experience with young men of college and university age. They bring us back to the root of the trouble disturbing so many today. Begin at the beginning—in the home.

PIECRUSTS AND OTHERS

The author of "The School of Experience" advises that boys and girls ought to be trained to eat the crust.

"Bread and pies," he says, "are not the only things in the world that have crusts; there is a sheet of hard crust around nearly everything worth having in the world. . . .

"The best index to one's character is the way he eats his crusts in life. Watch him under galling trial; observe how he trims his sail for a contrary breeze; mark the temper of the man when everything goes against him for weeks at a stretch. Past training, present capabilities, and future prospects are revealed in outline. I feel sorry for the person who cannot endure to have his likings crossed. There is no place for him in this disjointed world, where all the roses grow on thorny stalks.

"The things we hate to meet and fear to tackle make up the real backbone of life's discipline. If we see in the distasteful routine of daily experience so many opportunities, God-given perchance, ours to use at least, it gives to every trial a place and meaning of its own."

Well said. The easy things anybody can do; it takes a real man to do the hard things. And real men are not born—they are made by training and discipline.

One of the marks of the Divine Origin of the Church is that she has always—even in the high noon of her power—been maligned and misunderstood.

Catholic Events

The health of Pope Pius XI is excellent, and the reports to the contrary are absolutely untrue, according to a statement issued by Cardinal Pacelli, Papal Secretary of State. The Pope's daily activity is strong evidence in contradiction of persistent rumors that he is in bad health. The Pope applies himself with the same intensity and promptness to the many matters demanding his attention, as well as to the ceremonies, receptions and discourses.

After the recent canonization services which lasted five hours, the Holy Father appeared in excellent health, untired and vigorous. In the days following he received a number of large pilgrimages, in addition to the official audiences and those granted distinguished visitors in Rome.

Archbishop McNicholas says: "One may say that for more than eight years, the health of the Holy Father has been little short of a miracle. Every day he has been at his post of duty. His vision has embraced the entire world. He has studied profoundly every great problem that has presented itself. He has faced courageously the forces of evil and has condemned masterfully their false principles. He knows no spirit of compromise. He stands as one of the most fearless pontiffs of all times."

* * *

The Vatican "White Book" setting forth the Holy See's position in the serious controversy in Malta, where the Premier, Lord Strickland, is charged with conducting an anti-clerical campaign, has been issued. It is a document of 187 pages.

Of special importance and particularly enlightening concerning the whole controversy, is the text of the report made by Archbishop Robinson to the Holy See after his visit to Malta, at the request of the British Government.

Archbishop Robinson states that the difficulties in Malta which led to his appointment were "the natural and inevitable result of the election that took place in August, 1927, in which Lord Strickland came to power as Prime Minister." He continues:

"I am reluctant to speak unfavorably of the character and conduct of Lord Strickland, the more so because he showed me the greatest possible courtesy and respect during my recent sojourn in Malta. Yet from what may be judged from his method of action in the past, it is very doubtful that there can be any peace or harmony in Malta so long as he remains in power.

"To clarify this one can remember that during the forty years of his public life Strickland, who is about 68 years old, has dis-

turbed everything and everyone wherever he has been, and has always had to be removed or transferred. In 1889 he became chief secretary of Malta, but he was so harsh in his office that he was removed from it by the practically unanimous vote of the Council of the Government and was obliged to leave the island amid jeers and hurling of stones on his journey to the ship.

"Following this he was 'promoted' Governor of the Leeward Islands, Tasmania, West Australia and South Zealand, and in everyone of these positions, his lack of tact, judgment and ability to govern became increasingly evident, as the London Times, September 13, 1917, reported when he left his last place as Governor.

"He then returned to Malta and founded the so-called Constitutional Party, and after having led the opposition for six years, he became Prime Minister in August, 1927, as was stated above. Since then he has thrown the whole island into the same state of disorder that characterized his first regime as Chief Secretary."

Archbishop Robinson characterizes Strickland as a man of "strong character, endowed with ability, initiative and uncommon courage," but he adds that "even his enemies know his inconsiderate way of acting and the imprudence that so often characterizes his words and actions." He states also that Strickland is quarrelsome and seeks to arouse differences of opinion, and "passes at least five days a week before the tribunals in lawsuits with other persons."

Archbishop Robinson traces Strickland's record back to the time when, as Chief Secretary of the Maltese Government, he was the only member of the Maltese Government who opposed the resolution asking that passages against Catholics in the Oath of the King of England, phrases which later were abolished, should be omitted in the coronation of Edward VII. Even Protestant members of the Maltese Government voted for the resolution asking the removal of these phrases.

Strickland controls several newspapers in Malta, and Archbishop Robinson tells of the campaigns conducted in his newspapers against the Church. Upon his election to the Prime Ministry, the campaign, the Archbishop states, became more bitter and reached a high point in July, 1928, upon the occasion of a public anti-clerical demonstration which Strickland himself organized. The campaign continued and became very bitter in January, 1929, when Strickland refused Father Guido Micallef, a Conventualist Friar, permission to leave Malta, though he was ordered to do so by his ecclesiastical superiors.

Archbishop Robinson declares that Strickland tried to prevent dissensions from his party by securing an Apostolic Visitor to come to the island, and then took the occasion of the Delegate's presence to advance his own political views. He sought, under the guise of helping the Delegate, to make him a government official acting under Strickland. When these plans failed, Strickland said pub-

licly on May 6th in the presence of certain Canons of Malta that "he did not know why the Delegate had come to Malta or what he would do."

The Archbishop tells how Strickland sought, during the election of 1927, to get the assistance of the clergy for his party, and for that purpose visited the superiors of the different communities of Malta, asking that their members help him. Having been refused this help, he went about every district trying to find priests or religious who were in difficulties with their superiors, seeking to persuade them to enroll themselves in his party on the promise of protection and help against their own Superiors.

Failing in this help, Strickland, according to Archbishop Robinson's report, sought to arouse the poor of Malta against the priests, and his newspapers and innumerable leaflets repeated old lies and made lurid charges against the clergy and the ecclesiastical authorities in the country.

Archbishop Robinson says that "it is no exaggeration to say that Malta is at the present time subject to a regime of terror and inquisitorial despotism in which the opposition is disarmed, and its newspapers terrorized, the courts threatened, justice suspended, the Constitution in danger, the country in uproar and the Church and religion openly attacked."

* * *

In a test in which 1,884 high school students in the State of Pennsylvania, all carefully picked for their exceptional ability, competed for scholarships awarded by the State of Pennsylvania, the Sacred Heart High School secured 50 per cent of those going to Pittsburgh students. This was not an essay contest, but a competitive examination, conducted by the State authorities, in their own State buildings and under their own auspices.

* * *

Brother Joseph Dutton, who has been laboring among the lepers of Molokai since 1886, now an old man of 87, has left the leper colony for the first time in all these years. Health board officials persuaded him to go to Honolulu for treatment for an eye ailment, and after some reluctance he consented and is now in a hospital at Honolulu.

* * *

On September 22, 23, 24, and 25, the Sixth National Eucharistic Congress will be held in Omaha, Neb. Thousands of the American Hierarchy, clergy and laity are expected to attend. The last National Congress was held in Cincinnati, nineteen years ago. The general theme of the Congress is: "The Blessed Eucharist, by Divine Institution, the Source and Center of Christian Life." Among the papers scheduled to be read is one by the Rev. Thomas M. Palmer, C.Ss.R., on "Rules and Regulations of the Church Concerning the Administration and Reception of Holy Communion."

Some Good Books

The Criminal. A Study. By Henry A. Geisert. Published by B. Herder. St. Louis, Mo. vii and 466 pages. Price, \$3.00.

There is not very much to be had on this subject from a Catholic point of view. Why? It is difficult to say. The problem is here, big as our country; it affects us all; and there are so many reasons why we Catholics, above all, ought to be interested in the subject, that one can only wonder why no one has heretofore attempted a study of it.

Henry A. Geisert was chaplain in one of our middle western prisons for almost nine years. He was able to study the "Criminal" at first hand and by his position as well as by his personality was able to look deeper into his soul than the ordinary investigator.

Moreover, he was intensely interested in his subject, not with a mere theoretical interest, but with that deep, understanding interest that springs from a real desire to help the Criminal. The list of books which he consulted—to be found in an appendix—shows how widely and well he read. We feel, therefore, even before taking up the book, that here we have something worth while.

As we glance over the Contents we are pleased to find that Father Geisert has done his work very thoroughly. After an introduction on Man, his powers and faculties, which he calls "Physiological Psychology," he treats in turn "The Etiology of Crime" or the causes of crime; "The Therapeutics of Crime" and "Prophylaxis" or the prevention of Crime.

A rather surprising and even bold departure is the first section of the Etiology of Crime, in which he gives us "The Criminal's View of the Causes of Crime," in six chapters, with a brief criticism.

The book is evidently the result of rich and intelligent observation and experience with the men in our prisons. It is this that makes us follow Father Geisert's study with greater confidence. He has done the Catholic world a great service. No doubt, there are some things that

will not satisfy all students of the question; but even these points will help the cause by arousing discussion and study.

St. Augustine of Hippo. By Katherine F. Mullany. Published by Frederick Pustet Co. New York. 196 pages. Price, \$1.75.

This year marks the 1500th anniversary of the passing of St. Augustine. We should, therefore, have a life of the Saint this year. But the life of St. Augustine has an appeal of its own at all times. The reason for this is probably found in the fact that is recalled in the subtitle of this book, "The first modern man," and by the last words of the author: "the most human of Saints."

Just because, as Father Largent says in his life of the Saint, "one finds in the life of St. Augustine a model of Christian holiness, slowly and laboriously formed in a soul long darkened by error and led astray by passion," we feel his kinship to us and read his story with interest and sympathy.

And here we have a short but quite satisfactory life, one that, so to speak, introduces us to the Saint, and makes us desire to know more about him. Just because the author wishes to emphasize the human element, no doubt, we find the greater part of the book, fourteen out of twenty chapters, devoted to his search and struggle for Truth, his groping and stumbling, up to the time of his Baptism in 387.

Shortly after that his mother, Monica, died. Her long years of prayer had been answered. Augustine had found his way home and he began almost at once that new career that won his way to sanctity and to the hearts of all true Christians. The Rhetorician is forgotten; the man who wrote of Christ and His Gospel with his heart in his hand, is remembered by all.

It was a difficult task to put all of St. Augustine's life in so short a compass; selection was necessary. All in all, Katherine Mullany has given us a book for which we must be grateful and we gladly recommend it to our readers.

Some Good Books

Ragamuffin. By Ruth Irma Low. Published by Benziger Brothers. New York. 127 pages. Price, \$1.00.

"A new story for boys and also girls, principally for those between seven and ten years, but which will also be read with interest by those eleven and twelve, and to which the five and six-year-olds will gladly listen if their elders will read the story aloud for them, a bit each night at bedtime. The author was a teacher."

This evaluation of "Ragamuffin" so well represents my first impressions on finishing the book that I felt I could do no better than repeat it. The author shows that she understands the little ones; she shows now and then that she was a teacher. I do not hesitate to say that all our young people will enjoy this story. And if we can get the grown-ups to read it to the little ones—marvelous! Both will be delighted and many will gain. For the art of reading at home seems lost. Many no longer seem to know the delights of a quiet hour before bedtime.

We have received a number of pamphlets that we consider worthy of special recommendation. We have already spoken of some; we do not hesitate to repeat them. Pamphlets such as these will be very useful for the summer days. You can easily slip them into your grip when going on your vacation, and you can finish them before the heat had made you drowsy. The joy they will give you will last a long time.

A number of them deal with the Mass, and about that we can never know too much. They come from the Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn.

The Liturgical Movement. 29 pages. Price, 5 cents. A brief account of the movement to promote interest in the study of the Church's public prayer.

The Liturgy and the Layman. 28 pages. Price, 5 cents. On what our Catholic people can do about the Liturgical Movement.

The Mass Drama. By Rev. William Busch. 94 pages. Price, 35 cents. This is a very good explanation of the Mass. It will help you understand and appreciate the Mass and enable you to give a better account of it to those who question you about it.

If I Be Lifted Up. By Rev. Paul C. Bussard. 27 pages. Price, 10 cents. An essay on the Mass deserving to be read with Father Busch's explanation.

From The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo., comes another series of pamphlets. The first on the Mass also.

Our High Mass. Arranged by Rev. Martin B. Hellriegel. Music and prayers.

Anyone who wishes to introduce congregational singing of the Mass, or perhaps to start with the children at their Mass, might get this pamphlet of 31 pages, and he will find a splendid aid. It sells 25 for \$4.00; 50 for \$7.00; 100 for \$12.00.

Be of Good Heart. A Eucharistic Reverie. By Sister M. Eleanore, C.S.C. 22 pages. Price, 5 cents. A very beautiful little thing which you must not miss.

A Dream. By Geo. A. Mulry, S.J. 23 pages. Price, 5 cents.

Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J., says that it was read to the class when he was in fifth grade, and that it made an impression on him that never wore off. That is why he has reprinted it for "everybody." Read it, and see why.

The Way of the Cross. Exercises for Various Occasions. By Rev. P. J. Buissink. Second edition. 142 pages.

Father Buissink presents us with twenty-five different ways of making the Stations or Way of the Cross. Some of the prayers and reflections are very beautiful and all of them are devout and practical. Many people, who realize the value of the Way of the Cross, will be glad to have this book as an aid to their devotion. A handier format would be desirable.

Lucid Intervals

While waiting at a railroad station Brown put his daughter on a slot scale. "Only forty pounds," he said. "You ought to weigh more than that."

"Well, Daddy," exclaimed the girl, "isn't it enough for a penny?"

Dyspeptic—My name is Hutsenpiller—Wilhelm Hutsenpiller. Your agency here supplied my wife with a cook last week.

Clerk—Quite right, Mr. Putsenkiller.

Dyspeptic—Hutsenpiller, if you please.

Clerk—Yes, sir. What can I do for you?

Dyspeptic—Well, I would like you to come and dine with us this evening.

"What were you in jail for, Rastus?"

"Fo' borrin' money, suh."

"But they don't put people in jail for borrowing money, Rastus."

"Dey do in some cases, boss. Now, in dis case, ah had to knock de man down free or fo' times befo' he would lend it to me."

MacIntosh was a farmer. "Here, Gene," he said, one day, "gang roon and gie the coos a cabbage each, but min' ye gie the biggest ta the coo that gies the maist milk."

The boy departed on his chore. On his return MacIntosh asked if he had done as he was told.

"Aye, maister," he replied. "I gied 'em a cabbage each, and hung the biggest een on the pump handle."

Mrs. Jones—And when my husband saw my new dress he didn't even smile.

Mrs. Brown—Dear, some men have no sense of humor.

Blackface—Yes, sah, Ah's a great singah.

Redlippe—Wheah did you-all learn to sing?

Blackface—I graduated from correspondence school.

Redlippe—Boy, yo' shuah lost lots ob yo' mail.

A three-hundred-pound man stood gazing longingly at the enticing display in a haberdasher's window. A friend stopped to inquire if he was thinking of buying the marked-down lavender silk shirt.

"Gosh, no," replied the fat man, wistfully. "The only thing that fits me ready-made is a handkerchief."

Sandy MacPherson was traveling to Glasgow, and on the way he felt thirsty, so he took out a bottle and drew the cork. Just as he was about to take a taste, a fellow passenger in clerical garb addressed him:

"Excuse me, sir, but I am sixty-five years of age and I have never tasted a drop of whisky!"

"Dinna worry yersel'," said Sandy, "you're no' gaun tae start noo!"

During a hold-up in Chicago, a young stenographer was grazed by a bullet. Thinking she was dying, she dictated a farewell note. "Write to Johnnie," she whispered. "Give him my true love and best regards. Carbon copies to Harold, Fred and William."

The rolling-pin throwing contest was won by Mrs. W. H. Upsall, who threw the rolling-pin 67 feet. Mr. Upsall won the 100-yard dash for married men.

A girl met an old flame, and decided to high hat him. "Sorry," she murmured when the hostess introduced him to her. "I did not get your name." "I know you didn't," replied the old flame, "but that is not your fault. You tried hard enough."

Motorist (to companion as huge truck takes up all the road ahead of them): "Well, I've tried everything but I can't seem to attract that driver's attention."

His Companion: "Just leave it to me, Jim. Maybe you didn't know that I'm the champion hog-caller of the world."

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by the students after they have become priests.

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